

THE  
MVSES-TEARES  
FOR THE LOSSE OF  
THEIR HOPE; HEROICK  
AND NERE-TOO-MVCH  
praised, HENRY, Prince  
of Wales. &c.

Together with TIMES Sobs  
*for the untimely death of his Glory*  
in that his Darling: and, lastly,  
*his Epitaphs.*

CONSECRATED

To the high and mighty Prince, FREDERICK  
the fift, Count-palatine of RHOYM. &c.

Whereunto is added,  
Consolatory STRAINES to wrest NATVRE  
from her bent in immoderate mourning; most  
loyally, and humbly wisht to the KING  
and QVEENE'S most excellent  
MAESTIES.

BY  
JOHN DAVIES of Hereford, their Majesties  
poore Beads-man, and Vassall.

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THE MVSSES-TEARES,  
for the high, Heroik, and neuer-  
too-much praised, HENRY,  
*Prince of Wales, &c.*

The *H AND* of heauen (as quick, as it is strong,  
And moues this *ALL*, to all it moues vnto:) Hath turn'd our *hopes*, to *fearcs*, (and *griefes* among)  
In his *L I N E*, which it did late vndo.  
*Princely-perfection* being past the prime,  
And, neare the highest grow'th (O dismall *turne!*) Is turn'd into the *Roote*, this *Winter-time*,  
Ner'e to retire till *G O D* in *Flesb* returne!  
He, vpon whome the *Nations* Eyes were bent  
As on a most auspicious blazing-*Starre*  
Is now extinguis'h'd; yet, the light hee lent,  
Fore-shew'd he would haue thundred lowd, in *War*;  
For, in his *Eares* no ~~msick~~ sweet did sound,  
But *Trumpets*, *Drummes*, and *Phifes*: and, at his *meate*,  
(While they did others hearing but confound)  
They solac'd his; and made his *stomake* great!  
Th' expertest *Fortifier*, and *Engineere*  
He sought; who taught him either *skill*, so young,  
That he his Teachers taught: so, did appeare  
Too ripe, too soone, to last (so ripe) too long!  
And, in all exercise of *Armes* he was  
Vnmatch'd by any of his yeares: For, He  
Past *subjects* so, as he did *subjects* passe,  
In *Birth*, *Mind*, *Verue*, *Glory*, and *Degree!*

## MVSES TEARES.

The Doing-Horse(all Eyes can witnesse it)  
He made much more than Do : yet ; fate so sure  
As they / but where are they that so can sit?)  
That back the wildest Beasts, yet,sit secure!  
In few ; no Feate of such Actiu[n]ty  
As graced Action, and the Actor too,  
But it (with most admir'd Agility)  
He did past all that best, so young,could do!  
With Arts and Letters hee so stor'd his MIND  
That both knew all therein , y'er Youth could know:  
So, Arte and Nature were as Curst, as Kind,  
To Cleane so to him, and to Leave him so !  
His Spirit and Body were at endlesse strife  
Which should be Actiu[n]st in all Princely Parts :  
For,both were full of Grace, as full of Life ;  
Both which winne Glory, with both Hopes, and Hearts!  
That actiu[n] Spirit his Meditations rais'd  
Aboue the Spheare of G R E A T N E S ; that doth rise  
From those Perfections that do perish prais'd,  
To seek P E R F E C T I O N prais'd; and neuer dies!  
And,like a Soule (that nought on Earth can fill)  
Seeking for al-suffizing Aliments,  
Still mounts aboue her selfe (in MInde, and will)  
Till she hath found what fully her contents:  
So, his rare Soule, (beeing euer on her VVings,  
Soone cloide with whatso'e're the Earth holds deere)  
Sought to suffize her with eternall Things ;  
Which made her stay so much the shorter here !  
The World could not containe her ; not as He  
To whose ambition Earths Rotundity  
Seem'd but an Angle: no ; but Shee did flee  
The VVorld, and such vainc Pride; yet,fled more high!

She

## MVSES TEARES.

She fled to Him whose Center's euery where,  
And Circle nowhere: for, true Eaglet, She  
On Justice SONNE (her Eyes being strong, as cleare)  
Still lou'd to looke, to shew her Dignity!  
But, while She kept within her Prison-walls  
(Or Iaile of Flesh) She, through the windowes, saw  
To all that in Discretions Compasse falls; (prophetic)  
And, ordred all that All by Reasons Law.  
His Servants so hee swai'd (and that alone,  
Himselfe beeing vnder Tutors) as appear'd  
That they were gouern'd by some Salomon;  
For which he was no lesse Belou'd, than Fear'd.  
Reward and Panslment (being as the weights  
By which our Horologe of life is mou'd)  
Fell euer through Him (from Celestiall Heights)  
On none, but whom true vertue loth'd, or lou'd!  
If then, his Priuate in such order stood,  
How had the publike done when hee had swai'd?  
They had beene like for Grace, in likely-hood;  
And (for our Common-good) as Good, as ffas'd!  
The High'st all good things hath in Essence still;  
I'll, in his Understanding-pow'r; but Man  
Hath good things by Intelligence; but ill  
He hath in Essence: for, no Good he can!  
But He, whose goodness rauish'd him from hence,  
Was Good, in Nature; by his BEING, blest:  
But I'll he had but by Intelligence;  
Which he, with Grace, corrected, being best!  
Some Kings are more than Men in their belief;  
But, in their liues such Beasts as neuer liu'd:  
The chiefe Offenders than, are of the C H I E F E:  
But this, Belou'd, liu'd well, and well beleev'd!

## MVSES TEARES.

The *Simile* twixt *God* and *Man* is such,  
That *God* is said to be *immortall Man*;  
And *Man* a mortall *God*: He was so much;  
Whose want we waile much more than sorrow can.  
His Princely lookes compos'd so rarely were  
Of venerable *gravity* and *grace*,  
That one did *Loue* prouoke, the other *feare*;  
And both, in one, still shew'd a sacred *Face*!  
His *Ire* was temperate, sith he knew so well  
How ill t'was in *Warme* Fortunes to be hot;  
Sith, like great *Ruines*, those it quite doth quell  
On whome it falls; and, lights on equall *Lot*!  
It is to rash; (and so must needs offend)  
To do ought well: For, it cures ill with ill:  
Then, to referre a *Vice* to *Ire* to mend,  
Is *Vice* to cure by *Vice* (outragious) still.  
Great *Mindes* in Choler, should be euer like  
The highest *Planets*, that are slowest mou'd;  
And neuer vse (how euer mou'd) to strike,  
Till they indulgent *meanes* haue throughly prou'd.  
The *fire* of *Ire*, that from cold *feare* proceeds  
Prouoks the Subiect, put past *feare*, in *hate*  
To make attempts (although for it he bleeds)  
To free his *feare*, that makes him desperate.  
Nor is he quiet kept, to keepe him low,  
(As some affirme) for eu'ry *hope* that giues, .  
Least like-li-hood to raise his ouer-throw,  
Vnder new Lords, for such he plots, and striues.  
Then as from loue proceeds a State more sure,  
(Though moderate) so, that that comes from *feare*,  
Although inore absolute, doth lesse endure:  
For *feare*, growne des'prate, it will oyer-beare.

For,

## MVSES TEARES.

For, Cruelty from Cowardize doth spring,  
Sith still courageous Minds their force employ  
But on resisting foes; then hee's no King,  
(But Tyrant) that but prostrate Friends destroys.  
It is a weakenesse of great Pow'r, and Will,  
To loue them least that most they do offend:  
Whome Kings offend, they will offend them still;  
And, ne're for-giue th' offended till their end,  
But hate to see them; sith (perhaps) their sight  
But minds them of the wrongs they do them still:  
In this, this Gaul-lesse Prince tooke no delight,  
But did quite otherwise in Deed and Will!  
*Ambition*, (the Soules Shirt, sith that's the Vice  
Shee last puts off) no more transported his  
Than Cesars was with glories auarice;  
For, his Ambition wholly aim'd, at This!  
Kings should haue innocency. Columbine,  
To do no more than harmellesse Creatures should;  
With which they should haue wisdome Serpentine,  
To do no lesse then Circumspection would:  
And euer, with the wakefull'st Will and Wit, (great)  
To stretch their power beyond their power (though  
But only for the publike-benefit, (sweat!)  
For which they sinell most sweete, when most they  
A Prince that ties himself himself vnto  
Doth much mistake himselfe: For, hee's not his;  
Nor, is the STATE his: but, he still must do,  
As if he were the STATES: for, so he is.  
From Benefits, come Obligations: and,  
From such more such: and, so t'is Sire, and Sonne,  
Effect, and Cause; Yet still doth, mouing, stand  
In Will and Pow'r of Natures, like the Sunne.

The Surgeons  
that embal-  
med, and em-  
bowelled him,  
found no  
Gaul'e at all in  
him, as it is  
confidently re-  
ported.

Such

## MVSES TEARES.

Such was this Prince, who look'd with watchful Eyes  
To all that might with state, in Time, haue stoo'd:  
He aw'd the Great, and (iustly, most precise)  
Discount'nanc'd such as Greaser were than good.  
,, For, such as wilbe Sheepe, the Wolfe deuoures:  
'Then, sheepish Kings must flee all Beasts of prey,  
Or keepe Presumption downe in subiect Pow'rs,  
Lest long conniuence make it long for sway.  
*Contempt* t'a Prince, more dang'rous is than hate:  
For, Hate, by feare, is held from bold Attempt:  
But, SC OR NE doth make it daring; then a  
In danger stands, that stands, so, in *Contēps!* (STATE  
*Lightnings* put by with winde but of a Cap;  
And oft great STATES (that might the world  
Fall with the smallest accidents that hap: (comman'd  
Then, if *Contempt* they beare, they cannot stand.  
This made this Prince betimes to haue an Eye  
To all that saw but how they high might grow  
By wrong and scorne of PRINCIPALITY,  
Sith well he knew they ill themselues did know.  
His Deeds did euermore exceed his words  
In Virtue, and Effect: nor, would He speake  
But still with Caution fit for sou'raigne Lords,  
Who know they bruize their Crownes, when Words  
For Princes safer Pris'ners are, by far, (they break!  
Vnder their words almighty-binding pow'r  
Than they are vnder strongest Bolt or Barre;  
Because their Words (like Gods) are euer sure!  
If otherwise, we cannot call them Gods  
(As God himselfe doth scorne them) if they be  
Vnlike through that iniustice; and (like Clods)  
Do nought but soile the seate of their Degree.

## MVSES TEARES.

No: Tongues, & Pens wil wound their Names to death;  
Nay, past, sith past, sharpe Tongues & Pens can giue  
Them black Reproch: for, with their harmeful breath,  
Their Vices die; but stil their shames may liue!  
For, seeing Justice cannot touch their liues,  
Its reason it should touch their Names (too nought)  
For feare whereof a TITVS often striues:  
To be not what he is, but what he ought!  
For, it is hard to play an After-game  
Of Reputation wel: or, not to loose  
By eu'ry cast, though wel we play the same,  
Sith all our Gaine to our first Losses goes!  
But Vertue made our Hercules to preserue  
His Name from blemish; not these by-respects:  
He, vertue seru'd, that so She Him might serue  
With fullest Glory voide of all Defects.  
Not like the Starres (that yeeld but little light  
Because they are so high) with him it far'd:  
But (like the Sunne) was bright at greatest height;  
And stil his Minde vnto his Fortunes squard.  
BEING, without well Being, cursed is;  
And, so, the greater Beeing, the greater curse:  
But, he being Great, was euer blest in this  
That he did Grace, by Nature, kindly nurse!  
Nature in HIM, admir'd what she had wrought,  
At least she might, if She, (most wonderfull  
Of things created) could admire at ought  
That's made good, great, stout, wise, and beautiful.  
He was the richest Tropheyn FORTUNES Pow'r  
Could reare in HONORS Theater; for, stil  
NATVRE did doate on Him (her Bellamour,  
Or Master-peice) the Wonder of her skil!

B

Beauty,

## MVSES TEARES.

Beauty, TIME S flowre, though delicate it be  
Yet soone it dies: so holds comparison  
With Phydias colours; which (though faire to see)  
Were blemisht with each Breath that breath'd there-  
But that immortall beauty of the Minde      (on  
Wherewith He was endow'd, was so ingrain'd  
In his Soules Faculties, that by no winde  
Or blast of Envy, it can e're be stain'd!  
No : He most strictly ey'de his better Part;  
And in the Glasse of Heau'ns eternall L A W  
Righted th' Apparell of his royll Heart  
As best became his F O R M E, which there he saw:  
For, no Mans Fortunes, nor his high renoume  
Can possibly be worthy for his End;  
Which hath made Kings of Tore to quit their Crowne,  
That they to better Ends might wholy tend.  
Life's but a Supposition, or Non-E N S;  
That's not perceptible; because it I S;  
Then, streight I S not, but by Inselligence;  
And, while it I S, it is but most amisse!  
Nothing is certaine, but vncertainty  
Beneath the Moone; which varies like our Mindes:  
For, Man's a Maze of Mutability,  
Wherein both Sin and Grace stil turnes, and winds!  
It's good to die than, yer wee die; because  
A life too liuely proues too deadly-oft:  
He shoothes not well that vp his Arrow drawes.  
And eyes no Mark below, nor that aloft.  
But some mis-doe themselues, themselues to hid e  
From cruell Fortunes most impetuous Blowes:  
But neuer Kings, but Cowards, so haue di'd;  
Yet Emper'ours (base, as bad) haue beene of those!

## MVSES TEARES.

It is an act of Charity to long,  
Euer to liue for others good : than they  
That both to God and Nature do such wrong,  
(As hatefull Monsters) seeke their both decay !  
And some so long doe liue that they interre  
Their Glory y'er they die ; and die but when  
The World doth hate them deadli'st ; or some War  
Takes them away ; as Beasts, from ciuill Men !  
Yet, Life's but Bondage, wer't not free'd by Death ;  
Nay, Life's a Sicknesse that so mortall is,  
That who so liues, must die : and strongest Breath  
Is not still long'it ; but, often more amisse !  
Life may be tane from Man, by any Man ;  
But Death by no Man ; none dare him abide :  
Nor, Pow'r, nor Art, nor Loue, Life lengthen can :  
For, if they could , this Prince had neuer di'd !

Yee Iles, (whereof He was the Hope) with Feares  
Shake where ye stand ; or with sighes shift your Climes ;  
And be inuirond with a sea of Teares,  
Where neuer Sunne may see the face of T I M E !  
Or, settle else, where still his Beames may burne  
Our frozen Hearts ; and , turne vs all to Black ;  
That eu'n our Skinnes as-well as Hearts may mourne  
For him whose want turnes all our comforts back.  
Black's but a meere Priauation, and no Hue,  
As Darkenesse is of Lights : that's fixt for vs,  
Whom Griefes Cimerian darkenesse doth subdue,  
Being quite depriu'd of Light of comfort, thus.  
The feeling-sence alone for mortall life  
Is necessary : but, the rest not so ;  
For, Life may BE without them : then , let Griefe  
And Sense to feele it, ne're our liues forgo !

## MVSES TEARES.

For Him that might the death of *Griefe* haue beene  
Had *Heau'n* not enui'd *Earth* his longer stay ;  
But(ah)he grew so mellow, being greene,  
That he,by nature , soone did fall away !

With whom our Hearts are fall'n ; and with the fall,  
(On Craggy Cares)are swol'n so full of wo  
That they can hardly hold : but, O, this ALL  
Is at this stay, that staies but falling so !

What hold, or hope,or helpe is than,in ALL,  
But He that's *All* in ALL ? sith such a PRO<sup>P</sup>,  
(So young, so strong, and sound,till he did fall )  
Is Feauer-shaken downe from HIGHNES Top!

Floate heauiest *Griefe* on Times eternall Teares  
Ta *Deluge* turn'd ; and sinke all *Joy* therein :

Floate *Griefe* to *Death* : sinke *Joy* to depth of feares ;  
Sith,in the *Heau'n*,our *hopes* so funke haue bin !

So faile their *hopes* that *hope*,by *Sinne*,for *Grace* :  
*Heau'ns* hate we vrge ; and yet(so,vrge it more)

We looke for loue : But,O,such *Life*,such *Caſe* !

,,A desprate *Salve*, must cure a desprate SORE !

We thought our CROWNE so staid with many  
(So rong, and strong)that no cold Puf of feare (Props  
(How euer strong)could once but shake our *Hopes*,  
Which now this *Blast* doth reele , and backward  
But yet to feare too much is to receiue (beare !

*Ill fortunes* y'er they come ; and,that is ill :

Our feares as well as *hopes* may vs deceiue :  
Than feare we so,as *hope* may hold vs still.

Feare beares *Hope* backward to a forward *Stay* ;

So forward, as wee feare more going back,

When in our *Soules*(besides) our *Sinnes* we waigh,

Which threate(auct it *Heau'n*)our vtter wrack !

But

## MVSES TEARES.

But bee; O be propitious,highest P O W'R,  
To vs : and make our Royal P L A N T to spring  
Vnto that *Greatnesse* that may long'st endure;  
And *Branches* beare,that may beare many a K I N G!

But yet (*O Death!*) G R I E F wil not leauie vs so;  
It turnes againe ; and *Passion*(which doth swel,  
Say *Reason* what it will)will with vs goe  
Vnto the *Graue*,which *Heau'n* is to this *Hel*!  
Why from the *Surgeon* doe we turne our Eye  
When,with his *Probe*,wee see him search a *wound*,  
But that wee know our *Sences* sou'raignty  
Ouer our *Reason*,might vs,with it,confound !  
Than,can wee see the Hand of D E A T H to gage  
His H E A R T, ( beeing ours ; and so, through ours  
And not auert our Eyes,in ruthful rage? (should go  
If so we can,we can be cruell so !  
But , O , wee needs must see this dismal D E E D ,  
(At least in *Minde*) for which our *Hearts* are rent:  
The letting of him bloud did make them bleed:  
For which we curse the C A V S E , and Instrument.  
It is,almost,a Miracle to finde  
A great, and liuely *Spirit* well gouerned ;  
But his rare *Spirit*(be'ing such)did turne, and winde  
As the *Phisition* still, it managed !  
Indifferent *Spirits*,for *Rule*, farre better doe  
Than *Spirits* too mighty,who are good for nought  
But to torment themselues, and others too :  
Yet His,being great,hee ruled as he ought!  
The *Spirit* doth owe the *Flesh* a sou'raignes care  
Not a *Slaves* seruice : for, if *Flesh* bee free,  
"Twill make the *Spirit* but seruile, base, and bare ;  
But if the *Spirit* ; the *Flesh* shall honor'd be !

## MVSE'S TEARES.

And, looke how when the *Heart* is sicke , the HEAD  
And all the *Members*, of the *griefe* haue part,  
But neuer die,vntill the HEART be dead ;  
So , HEAD and *Members* die with this our HEART !  
We die, though yet we moue, with *griefe* conceau'd  
For this his death; whose Life gaue all our Parts  
Their liuely motion; which they had receau'd  
From his rare vertue, *Life* of all our *Hearts*.  
Nor can we ( ah ! ) liue other-wise than dead  
( Although, in *Death*, we liue; or, lifelesse plight )  
For him that gaue vs Heart; and Life, our HEAD;  
So liue we now, without or *Life*, or *Spir't*!  
It is a kind of *joy* in case of *moane*  
Not to be single : Common-miserie  
( Though heauiest) lighter weighes on one alone,  
Then doth his priuat light aduersitie!  
As *Peace* is *warre* to men impo'urisht growne;  
Who, in the totall ruines of the STATE,  
Had rather be o'rewhelm'd, than in their owne;  
So, each mans Crosse seemes most vnfornatue!  
But in our Case, it is not so, we see:  
For this our common losse so sad doth lie  
Upon our *Soules*, that nought can heauier bee;  
Although it were, with torment, oft to die!  
Yet, tis high'st Courage lowly to sustaine  
The heauiest *Plagues* which for our sinnes are sent:  
And to be patient qualifies the paine;  
And, makes vs , at the low'st, most excellent!  
But, to resist, rage, murmur, or complaine,  
Is as effeminate as *Men* may do :  
Than to be subiect so, is so to raigne  
*Kings* of our selues ; and *Saints* with *Angells* too!

„Humillity,

## MVSES TEARES.

„ *Humility*, of Men, doth *Angells* make;  
„ *And Pride*, of highest *Angells*, maketh *Dewills*:  
„ In *Pride*, all *Euitts* did beginning take:  
„ But, in *Humility*, release from *Euitts*!  
We are borne to *Sorrowes*: would we than be free?  
That were iniustice: Than, we needs must beare  
The lawes to which all *Flesh* inust subiect be,  
Vnlesse we would aboue all *Flesh* appeare!  
Our highest *pleasures* still do tend vnto  
The deepest *sighes*: those *wrinkles* of the face  
That serue for *Laughing*, serue for *weeping* too;  
And, extreame *Laughing* sheddeth *Teares* apace!  
**G R E A T N E S** (as we mis-stile it) how e're stout,  
And *glorious* too it be)is, as we proue,  
But like a *Lightnings*-flash soone in, and out  
Of *Life* and *Lights*, that gets more *Hate*, than *Lone*!  
Our **A L L**'s but *Nothing* than: For, that which I S  
Must be eternall: For, what I S, must stay  
Such as it is a Thought (at least) but this  
Is with a Thought, or chang'd, or gone away!  
Now sith the dearest of these Mundane things,  
Do fall so cheape from highest Holds they haue,  
And that both *Semy-gods* aswell as Kings  
Do but engorge the most insatiate Graue;  
What *Sense* haue such that see this daily done,  
And yet reli on life, that but appears  
As doth a *Vapor* rising with the *Sonne*,  
But straight to vanish, in a Vale of *Teares*!  
For, Kings none other-wise than Mists descend  
Downe from the lofty *Mountaines* to the *Vales* (cend,  
Where they through Fortunes *Sun-shine* soone af-  
And vanish straight like dew the *Sonne* exhales.

Thus

## MVSE'S TEARES.

Thus can *Discretion* teach *Griefe* what to say  
To ease it selfe; but *Griefes* if great they are  
Will still be mute; or else(as mad)will bray:  
And so our *Griefes* (as mad) do make vs fare.  
Our LOSSE so far transcends the highest Bounds  
Of *humane-wisdom*, patiently to beare,  
That it our Sufferance, and our Selues confounds  
With all distraction, ioyn'd to *griefe*, and *feare*;

*Saint James*, thy house,(late house of ioyes extreame.  
Is now an House of *Mourning*; sith this *Mate*  
Of *Angells*, di'd therein,yet liues with them;  
And, left that haplesse *House* to endlesse hate.  
Those costly *Pictures*(curious Prooferes of *skill*).  
Wherewith that *House*(like *Heau'n*) he late did grace)  
There may they hang in *Vtter-darknes* till  
The fowlest *Spinners* scarfe their fairest Face!  
That if,here-after,any curious Eye  
(That would to Hell to see a Curious sight)  
Come there to see them,it may looke awry,  
As lothing to belold their vglie plight.  
Their Co-inhabitants be euer grimme,  
*Grym Desolations*,sterne *Confociates*;  
Blacke ougly *Bats*, and *Owles*; with *Zim*, and *Tim*;  
T'affright all *Flesh* with horror from the *Gates*!

May. 13. 21.

22.

This,for the *Place* wherein he di'd: The *Time*,  
(Sith much more dismal)much more still b' accurst:  
Let neuer *Sunne* the steepe *Meridian* climbe  
On that blacke *Day*,but clad in *Sable* first;  
Let all the *Starres* that are malevolent,  
Lend all the light that *Days*(like *Night*) shall giue;  
That *Men* may see but onely to lament  
With wofull'st action,that may moue to *griefe*!

And

## MVSES ETEAREM

And sith great Kings their Birth-dates celebrate  
With all that Pompe can yeeld ; or Pleasure produc;  
On this black Death-day still, (through publike hate)  
Let ne're the least pompe stirre, nor pleasure more!  
*Musike*, be euer silent on this Day;  
Or with Chromatrick Dumps our losse lament:  
And, O yee beau'ly Spheares, sound so, or stay's  
And, all confuse beneath the firmament  
For, Common-griefe's not capable of forme!  
Our Griefe is common; then, confound all Mirth  
On this curst Day; let DEATH then, euer storne,  
Yea, make the Sunne, himselfe, lie hid with Earth!  
If ought be else, Pooick-rage, or worse,  
Or Love(that can doe all) can moue to hate  
This cursed day, to adde vnto this curse,  
Let it fall on it, as most reprobate!

Henry(deere Henry!) O that Words we had  
So steept in Brine that all, through them, might see  
That We, with Reason, are grown iustly mad:  
Sith Reas'n doth rage, most iustly, but for Thee!  
For, soules that haue Intelligence and will,  
And by the first discerne what they haue lost,  
Can, through the last, but last distracted still  
With Rage that Reason rectifieth most!  
If GOD we lose, what Reas'n can be so great  
(For, greatest Reas'n best knowes the greatest losse:)-  
But it, with Griefe, will quite it selfe forget,  
Remembering such a Soule-confounding CROSSE!  
Then, when we loose a Prince, like God for State,  
Stile, Virtue, and Effect, what Reason can  
But fare as it were rightly reprobate?  
If not; such Reas'n must be in more then Man!

## MVSES TEARES.

If well, wee take a CROSSE of so great weight  
That breakes the Backe of suffrance, with a Thought,  
(Though propt with strongest grace) our dul conceipt  
Of Goodnesse lost, shewes we are good for nought.  
No : sooner can our Soules discourse forbear,  
And cease to take Reports from Wit and Sense  
Than we (like Blocks) such Blowes of Fate can beare  
As maime our Soules through their Intelligence!  
If He of HV S, whose patience (being crost)  
Endur'd the shocke of Hels first mortall charge,  
Yet, in the second, found his patience lost  
Among but Blaines, that did but Bloud enrage;  
Then how should flesh, leſſe fenc'd with Grase, sustaine  
So many Wounds, which through our Princes Heart  
Death fastens on our soules, such hurt, such paine,  
Makes Out-rage seeme to act but Judgements Part.

Ior. 20, 7.  
8.9.

The Prophet being but in prison cast  
For speaking what he ought, and as hee shoud  
Vow'd never more to mention heau'n, and past  
So farre in heat, that hee the High'st contrould.  
Then, though wee may not, from the slips of Sintes,  
Take warrant flat to fall, yet, for such CAVSE  
To vse Poetick rage in our Complaints,  
(Falling past fury) stands with Reasons Lawes:  
Oh! that *Vvits* forces than, that *Reas'*n controles,  
Could fall into this sacred Rage; and make  
All Times to come, to suffer with our soules;  
Or, force the props of future Worlds to shake!  
For, passion beeing in our soules conceiu'd,  
Forth-with is formed in our speech; and so;  
Passing from vs, by others is receiu'd;  
And, makes in them impression of like Wo.

Oh!

## MVSES TEARES.

Oh! Eloquence, (the Rauther of our Minde,)  
Swaying th' Affects thereof, which way it lists)  
Ioyne with our sighes (now) like resistlesse Winds  
To lose our soules in sorrowes endlesse Mists:  
For, Griefe enforc'd by Face, and Eloquence  
(Oh F O R C E that still the owne desires fulfills!)  
Than Tyrans sway, hath no lesse violence  
Ore our weake soules, that works but what it Wils!  
Yet nought's more eloquent than TRUTH (most  
Than our tru Grief (that seas of sorrow weeps)) strōg!  
Must moue al Mindes, by th' Engin of our Tongue,  
To floate to endlesse Woes on DOLORS Deeps.  
Men must be wrought like Ir'ne; that's first made soft  
With fire, yer water cooles it: fires of WIT ion oul  
Must make them more then supple (sure, and ofte),  
Yer Teares can coole strong passions burning-fit.  
Than, if my Wit were great, as is the C A V S E  
Of this our sorrow, it should so enflame  
The World with passion as it ne're should pause  
To shewre forth streames of Teares to quench the  
But so this Griefe distracts it, that it can (same!)  
But make imperfect Offers; it's too cold  
To thaw the frozen Hearts of euery Man:  
For, Death (not Dolor) hath all hearts in hold.  
Oh words! O sence! how sencelesse both wee hold  
(Though most significant) that cannot curse  
This Day past execration; would yee could  
(And I had you to vse) do that, or worse?  
But why, O why! doe I accursed fēnd,  
So curse the Day wherein He so was bleſt  
For whose cause so I curse? My knees I bēnd,  
And begge for Grace, sith t'was in Minde distrest.

## MUSES TEARES.

Then I retract my Curles; and I bleffe  
That blessed God that giues and takes(so free )  
The best Things euer: for, we must confesse,  
This was as good as could,in *Nature*, Bee !  
For, if in nature, there could be a Prince  
Aboue the pitch of highest *Hopes*; then Hee  
Was more then such, in our experience :  
Then, can our Griefes be lesse than now they bee ?  
Yet Arte, and Adulation(making Eight  
Of seven)that make so many famouzed;  
But yet the eight make more for state, and weight )  
Do oft,in ouer-righting, wrong the dead !  
But few,if dead, are flattered, if their friends  
Liue not in wealth, or Greatnesse: so, the scopes  
Of all such Clawers scratch for priuate Ends:  
Yet, Kings will flatter, to attaine their *Hopes*!  
But, who for priuate Grace, (and *Gnifts* among)  
Of wicked Princes doe renowne their Names  
Do priuate-Injustice, so,with publike-Wrong;  
So, both is wronge, done right to both their standes.  
Then, here's our happy infortunitey,  
To praise him, dead, so strong in lyuing-Mighty,  
Whose erned *praise* seemes hired flattery;  
But this we cannot shunne; and doe him right !

Then,O! receiue, great Prince of Palatines,  
Our *Muses Teares* (true records of our Harme)  
In these sad *Numbers* of her blibbred *Lines*,  
Eu'n for his sake, of whom th' hast lost an **A R M E**  
If not much more ! for, neuer could two Hearts  
As th' had, beene one, long since, and cleft in two ;  
Till now, at meeting, streight reioyn'd their Parts:  
So did your Hearts at your first meeting doe.

But

## MVSES TEARES.

But death, too eniuious death, disceuer'd them  
As soone as ioynd; than wee may iudge by this,  
Thy causeful Sorrowes needs must be extreame  
Like ours : whose heart was ours, and ours was His !  
And to what season had as spightfull Time  
Reseru'd this seu'ring? but eu'n then, when thou  
(To make that Knot more sure, in your youths prime )  
Cam'st to espouse his HALFE; wo-wedded now!  
So, when thy ioyes were flowing, neere the full,  
It, past the lowest ebbe, fell headlong-wise;  
And wert not Fortune thee did yet not lull  
In Cradle of sure hope, it neere could rise!  
Thy Fortunes highest aymer(nought can bee higher  
That on the Earth is found) is the rar'st Jerome  
That er'e was cas'd with flesh: then, to aspire  
That to enjoy, is ioy beyond extreame!  
A sister suitable to such a Brother;  
The high'st desire of mightiest Potentates:  
Good in the abstract, ther's not such another  
Now to bee match'd; nor in the power of FATES!  
Fame that best knows her; prompts me what to speake;  
All, that attend her, Fames report maintaines;  
And, all in all, into her prayles breake;  
Yea, loue the ground that this Belonid, sustaines!

But, ô, wee cannot looke vpon her Worth  
But must reflect on His that's gonue; sith He  
Was as her Self; and one Wombe brought them forth,  
Which, for these BLESsingS, euer-blessed bee.  
But (ah) he was, and is not; WAS! (ô word  
Able to strike the Soule of Patience dead)  
And why not IS? Hee IS, and is a L O R D  
Whom Angels serue, and with their Food is fedd,

## MVSES TEARES.

He di'de indeed; it's true : nay, *false* it is;  
He did not die, that chang'd but lifes annoy  
For life of comfort in eternall B L I S S E :  
Yet, thus he di'de, that thus yet liues in *joy*!  
Deere *Vaults*, that veil'd him, munmanize his Corpse  
Till it arise in *Haauen* to be crown'd:  
Sith ( though on *Earth* he rarely ran his course)  
No *Crowne*, for *Prize*, though it he toucht, he found.  
But *Breath* no sooner left him but it was  
Inuolu'd with *aire* of F A M E , and blowne so high,  
That it doth *Ariadnes CROWN E* surpassee,  
And made a FLAME new kindled in the Skye.  
He di'de in *shew* than, but yet liues in *Deed*  
In *Heauen* and *Hearts* of all that honor *Grace*,  
In *HIGHNES Heart*: he di'de then, so to speed  
Of *Glory* heere, and in that surer *Place*.  
Eu'n when his *Grand-dames Corpse* was re-inshrin'de;  
As if his Corpse, in shades of *Death*, through *loue*,  
Had long'd to meeete with Hers that seem'd so kinde  
To seeke to meeete with his, through her remoue!  
Eu'n then (the will of *Heau'n* so fore-assign'd)  
He left his *Breath*, ye'r he the *Crowne* possest;  
And went in *Person*, (*Princely* still inclin'd)  
To meeete and greet het in eternall rest!  
But so he spent, and left his breath, (we hope)  
That's praise, in *Blisse*, stil breaths *Eternity*,  
As it doth fill the *Earth*, and heau'nly *Cope*:  
For such a hopefull life did neuer die :  
Then, die he never can while *Virtue* liues;  
For, HE, and SHE are still Corelatiues!

Feare, and the Pit, and the Snare, are upon thee, O  
inhabitans of the Earth! Esay.24.17.

SOBS

239A.17.2.10.1

# SOBS FOR THE LOSSE of the most Heroick Prince HENRY.

*Nonfrustranascitur, qui bene moritur.*

Now; all we see, of worth, go all in blacke,  
For Him whose worth all times shall loue and lack:  
The hopefull st heire apparant to a CROWNE,  
That Grace could giue, yet, call the graift hir owne.  
Some, waile the losse of priuat friends till deash;  
Then when so many cloſ'd were in his Breath,  
How shoulde that ſome, (nay all) his loſe deplore?  
That Sorrowes - Sea, no bottom hath, nor Shoare!  
All praise is shut in Bounds, ſauē that of ONE.  
Whonere is lost, but of the lost alone:  
But none that's lost in ſhow, nor deede, or name,  
Could e're me more praise than this tru Soule of FAME!  
Hee's gon; but, going, left ſuch light behinde  
As doth the Moone ecclipte, the Sunne ſo blind.  
With ſplendor, that the light they yeeld, vs now,  
Is farre leſſe good in deede, leſſe great in ſhow!  
The Heau'ns, that lent him, are growne poore; or wee  
Deserue no trust, (ſith we bad detters be)  
To take him ere the time by Nature ſet,  
Yet, for ſhort iuſtice, keepe vs ſtill in debt:  
Celestiall Sprites, are yee ſo greedy growne  
So ſoone to giue and take (from vs) your owne?

Or

## MVSES TEARES.

Or did you enuy that we shold haue had  
A Head so good to Members al so bad?  
Say, we were Marchants that nere kept our day,  
Or (at the best) but pray when we shold pay:  
Or(yet if better,when no faith wee keepe)  
Fall on our knees, and for grace sigh and weepe:  
Yet sith yee swim in all celestiall STORE  
Yee might a while haue borne with Spirits so poore!  
But were we poore in spirit, we had beeene rich  
In your account: but O we are not such!  
Our Prsde (that makes vs beggers eu'ry way)  
Make yee mistrust our faith(too poore to pay.)  
Well,it is ill with vs(poore soules,profane)  
And worse,(much worse)for that which you haue ranc.  
Yea,(which is worst)will never lend Him more:  
O Spirit:(Celestiall Spirits,which we adore)  
For-beare the rest we owe,to grace incline;  
Trust vs vpon a pawn of Angel's wine,  
Which from the heauy Vessells of our eyes  
Shall runne till you shall say It doth suffice!  
And Lord of Hoastes(their Lord and ours)besiege  
Our Hearsts with feare till Loue doth giue this Pledge.  
And so dispose the goods we haue of thine,  
(In and Without vs)as we may resigne  
All to thy praise;that though in debt we stand!  
Thou maist supply our wants still, on our Band!  
On which,we humbly pray thee lend vs health,  
And Heads and Hands t'vphold the Common-wealth  
Of our owne Stocke: or, if in future-time,  
(As heretofore)some stranger vp do climbe  
On Ladder of our Branches to our CROWNE  
He may be such as nere may put vs downe!

AN

# AN EPITAPH ON THE Death of the immortall HENRY Prince of Wales.

Much Briefly said, and clearely too,  
Is hard: yes that much Art can do:  
But here much griefe and little Art,  
Is forc'd to act so hard a Part.

Nature and Arte, with Grace, and Fortune too,  
Sought Time, and Death to conquer, (as they do)  
In this Heroick PRINCE, who, through those four,  
Orethrowes Times force, and Deaths almighty Pow'r!  
All that was in Him, was much more than all  
That's found in Flesh, if young, and naturall!  
Can wit say more for his true glory here?  
Yes: for, he was a Prince without a Peere!  
What more? why this: He di'de but in his prime;  
Yet, in perfection, elder was than TIME! (growes  
And more compleate than PLACE: for fame that  
From his great WORTH alone, no lymit knowes!  
If Time, and Death, and Place than, be to seeke  
For such another; He to none is like  
But him who hath no like; yet like in MINDS;  
And, for they haue no like in either kinde!  
This King of Princes, and that God of Kings:  
Are like themselues than, and none other things!  
And, like them-selues, they liue in Heau'n, and vs,  
In spight of Envy, Time, and Death: Than, thus.

D

(In

## MVSES TEARES.

(In briefe) wee bound their boundles EXCELLENCE:  
One, no such GOD; the other, no such PRINCE! .

---

## ANOTHER.

---

Fortune, and Art, and Nature straue  
To giue much more than er'e they gaue  
To Him that lies heare vnderneath  
The grace of Nature, Time, and Death!  
Three CROWNES were neere Him; and the forth,  
He might, by RIGHT, haue wone by WORTH!  
Which, in his youth, presag'd his spirit  
Would ren'd, in age, from WRONG, his RIGHT!  
That Spirit (like his, that's most compleat)  
Sought nought but what was good and GREAT!  
He soone was ripe; too soone to win,  
What Time, much toyld, and Art drawes in.  
Who casts for Crownes, must haue no small  
Might, right, skill, will, and Time with all:  
But whose perfection Time out-goes  
Winnes but LAVD'S Crowne yer life he lose!  
His Gaine and Lose then, are so eu'n,  
As he is pleas'd with both in Heau'n.  
Teaching all Heires to CROWNES, and KINGS  
To be the best of Earthly things!  
Far-well (rare PRINCE!) nor Time, nor Death  
Shall stint thy glory with thy breath:  
For when, with them, lowd fame decaies,  
Silence shall whisper out thy praise!

CONSO-

# CONSOLATIONS for, and to the King.

Great King in sorrowes, now, aswell as STATE,  
Whom Fortunes grace makes most vnfornunate:  
For, no more fauour could of FATE be had,  
Than such a Sonne, whose losse makes Fate as bad.  
This string sounds deadly, Ile not touch it more,  
Least that my Salue more hurt then heale the SORE.  
Be now a KING of Kings: for, Sorrowes raigne  
In Thee, a're whome become thou SOVERAIGNE.  
The more like GOD Kings be, the lesse they grieue  
Or ioy, for ought that ioy or griefe doth giue.  
For, highest pow'r in weakenesse best is showne:  
Than; sith no weakenesse can vphold a CROWNE,  
Let thy high vertue, that doth three sustaine,  
Represse strong griefes, that but in weakenesse raigne,  
The more th'affront of FATE, the more appears  
The vertue of the pow'r that well it beares!  
No King should be ( how'e'r he be distrest)  
Lesse than him-selfe, or like him-selfe at least:  
But no King breathing more distrest could be  
Than thou hast beene, yer thou couldst breath to see  
Thy mortall danger: And, when, after-ward,  
Thy Case, by horrid treasons, was more-hard,  
As being in the very Mawe of DEATH,  
Yet, in concoction, Fate preferu'd thy BREATH.  
And, yet its said of thee, eu'n then thou wer't  
In shew, a Caesar, and a King in Heart!

## MVSES TEARES.

Than thus being vs'd, beyond thy *birth*, vnto  
The deep'st *distresse*, and Seas of *Sorrowes* too,  
Say to thy Pilot *Hope*(in *Stormes* extreme)  
*Th' hast Cesar, and his Fortunes; go with them.*  
Thy desprat *P/ight*, of yore, yet safe restor'd  
Should make thee thinke thee safe, though ouer *Borde*.  
And thy like *Sorrowes* ( such as *Kings* do kill)  
Should keepe out others, be they what they will.  
No Heauiness that *Atlas-Mind* or'ethrowes,  
That can *Heau'n*s ioy vphold in *worlds* of *woes*.  
Nor that Herculean *Spirit* that can support  
In Hell of *Ills*, a Heau'n of good-report.  
As farre as *Heauen* doth *Earth*; nay, more by odds,  
*Gods* thoughts transcend the thoughts of mortal-gods.  
Then, by proportion, theirs should soare more high  
Than highest thoughts, not rais'd by M A I E S T Y.  
The *Heart* of *Heau'n*s great MONARCH still is free  
From *Passion*: so should SOVRAIGNES likewise be  
That would be lik'st him: no *Ambition* higher  
Yet iuster farre, in *deed*, than in *desier*.  
But, O! it's easie, well, by force of *Art*,  
To prompt the sicke to Speake and Act their part;  
Yet, hard(most hard) to do it, after-ward:  
But, to highest *poures* should nought but *ill*be hard.  
Seuere *Torquatus*, did his *Sonne* mis-do.  
For charging, 'gainst his Chardge, his brauing Fo,  
Though he wan *fame* and *conquest*: than, sith H E  
That was as daring(yet was ruld by Thee)  
Is, for our breach of *Heasts*, much more deuine,  
Ta'ne hence, by highest *Justice*, not by thine,  
Be thou the Patient, sith the *Agent Heau'n*,  
Thee, of thy *Sonne*, hath, for it selfe, bereau'n.

And

## MVSES TEARES.

And let no Pagan, passe a Christian, Prince,  
For Morall-Grace, or pious excellency!  
Th' all-seeing Soule of Judgement, so long knit  
Vnto the actiuē Body of thy Wit  
Knowes more then WIT can thinke to ease thy  
Then let that Soule, now, animate Reliefe. (Griefe;  
And weigh, deere Soueraigne, on your Life depends,  
The weale of many stangers, subjects, friends:  
If sorrow then, should waste your Powr's of life,  
You soone might leaue them in a World of strife:  
And, make the STATE, that now you hold in peace,  
From Vnion, fall to Faction, peece by peece.  
That y'er it stand as now it doth, it may  
From Faction fall to Action, and decay.  
Then, all that are committed to your charge  
With Eyes, that feares and Teares do ouer-charge,  
On you do looke, and by those looks say thus;  
Pity your selfe if you will pity vs!  
And still we Hope you make a Conscience, too,  
Vs, in your selfe, with dolor to vndo.  
Sith, of you, I V S T I C E, will our liues require,  
If through your fault, they should in yours expire,  
Philip of Spaine, but for his Commons good,  
(So sai'd by some) to death, on his owne BLOVD  
Did floate his SONNE, & HEIRE to al his Crowns,  
So, for his Subjects peace, his sonne confounds.  
Nay God himselfe, his deere Sonne did to death  
To saue his seruants: O! then, shall the BREATH  
By which we breathe, be spent, in SIGHES, because  
Thy son, to Death, obai'd great NATVRES Lawes;  
When of the FOVNT of Grace, and Glory, Thou  
Hast such a GLASSE thy selfe to see, and know!

## MVSES TEARES.

Than,with thy selfe,thy *Subiects* loue thou so  
That,with thy selfe , thou doe them not o'rethrow  
Through thy much *Grief*(which makes them most to  
For see'ng thy *Sonne* but mortall,as thou art. (smart)  
N A T V R E (we wot)by her too wayward course,  
Will fal(if not vpheld by *Souraigne* force)  
To *Griefs* redundancy, for lesse C A V S E (by ods)  
But *Kings* aboue her be, *sith they are Gods!*  
Then,though thou *frest* be through the DIGNITY,  
Thou art most *Bound* to *Grace*, and *Majest*y! (Man;  
When N A T V R E, then , would make thee erre,as  
Thou canst not stir from *these*,do what She can  
Vnlesse thou wilt infring the *Bonds* of G R A C E  
That put, and holds thee in thy powrefull P L A C E.  
K I N G - S (sacred Things)haue other *Mind's & Hearts*  
Than others haue , that play inferior *Parts*:  
For,some will, for their *Subiects* good,define!  
Than,for their good , wilt thou not liue with thine?  
*Codrus*,who ware th' *Athenian* D I A D E M,  
Did(as thou know'st)die willingly for them.  
Than shall a King, inferior farre in State,  
In vertue passe a greater Potentate?  
Great God for'e-fend ; that H E who is so GREATE,  
His *Subiects* Hope in's pow'r should so defeate.  
On this Worlds stage , thou plai st *Gods* Part ( Great  
And at thine *Action* cu'ry Eye doth fling (K I N G !)  
The sharpest *Beames* of *Observation* ! Than  
If thou would'st haue applause aboue a *Man*,  
Ornot exposed be to base esteeme,  
Bee as thou *Art* (a *God*!) at least,so *feeeme*!  
Be strong then (God-like K I N G)and act this Part  
Of sorrow so, as (though it mooue thy H E A R T)

## MVSES TEARES.

It may no *Action* mooue vnfitt for P O W R  
Of greatest *Brittans* greatest Gouernour!  
God proues His throughly, y'er he them approues:  
So, tries before he trusts; likes y'er he loues.  
Yet none can take the foile, that combats W O,  
Vnlesse he yeelds before the Ouerthrow:  
For, ifto fight he, but in wil, be prest  
Heau'n giues his courage force; his force, the best!  
To such, their *Wish* achieues that Victory  
Whose glory farre beyond their wish doth flie:  
For *Grace* will nere be wanting to our *will*,  
If, to our selues, *will* be not wanting still. (frowne,

That thou retir'st thy selfe, when Heau'n doth  
Doth rather raise then sinck thy high renowne:  
For, *Closets* must enclose vs, when, in *wo*,  
We reckon with our God for what we owe.

Good *Kings* are least alone, when most alone;  
For stilnesse is the staidnesse of their T H R O N E.  
*Henry* the Fourth, of France, had hee beene *still*;  
Rawill Jack then, had found no *King* to kil.  
And all the World had from his W O R T H, repos'd  
In pious *acts*, the better beene dispos'd:  
For, as a *Beacon*, on an hill aspir'd,  
Although it stand alone, yet, being fir'd,  
Lights the whole country, farre off from the *flame*,  
And makes *Night Day-light* neere vnto the same:  
So, solitary *Kings*, that are retir'd  
For vertuous causes, do (like *Beacons* fir'd)  
Giue light to all their Subiects, farre, and neare;  
So, good the publike by their priuacy.  
¶ Good *King*, thy foes (if thou hast any such,  
If not; thy *Saviour* could not say so much)

Can-

## MVSE'S TEARES.

Cannot but say ( and do thine Honor right)  
Th' art Good, as Great; in Nature, as in Mights!  
Than, in that goodnesse, our iust tealouſie  
( Of common intrest which wee haue in thee )  
Conuert to Confidence, through thy due care  
Of thy Healths state, & this S T A T E, which we are.  
Thy Health is ours. ; thy Sicknesſe is our Pest.  
Thy rest's our Toile; thy Trauaille is our R E S T!  
If from the Helme of this so mighty ARKE  
That beares our Common-wealthe, in priuate Carke,  
Thy most wel-practiz'd H A N D in rule of STATE  
Belong with-held, by sorrow, ease, or Fate;  
It must (for all the Masters helpes within )  
Runne back in Grace, or else quite finck in sinne.  
The Masters Eye doth fat the Horse (they say )  
And Coyne-made-Pastors let the flock decay.  
Those Officers, that buy, or rent their Roomes,  
Will sell, or make a R E N T of all that comes.  
All will stand crooked, if thy Head, and Hand  
Be not applid to make it vpright stand.  
Thou being the cunning'ſt Architect of S T A T E  
Canſt raise this, maugree pufſes of Spight or Fate,  
That, it (rare Master-peſſe of Kingly SKIL )  
Shall stand for Kings to imitate it, ſtill.  
Then, O! take comfort in thy Common-wealthe  
Whose comfort is in care but of thy Health.  
As when the ſick (ſore ſick) are ſpoken too  
By friends for good, yet grieue in what they do :  
So, leaſt my chat might thee (perhaps) offend,  
I at thy foot fall prostrate for the end:  
And thus there ſet the Period of my ſpeech:  
*Do as thou wilt, thou wilt all others teach.*

Regis ad  
exemplum.  
&c.

To

To the sacred Queene of *England*  
her most excellent *Maiesty*  
bee all comfort after the  
*CROSSE.*

(nor *wit*)  
**G**ood Queene, for greater STILE, *Truth, Grace,*  
Can give to Greatnes for Mans Goodnesse fit)  
Blesse with thy *Rates* these *Lines*, drawne out at  
To giue thy *Mind*, repose; thy *Patiēce*, strēgth: (length  
Yet, come from want of wit, which iustly vaunts  
None truer speakes then truest *Ignorants*!  
You see, beneath the Circuite of the SVNNE,  
All that's made best, is instantly vndone!  
Are all things vaine then, in that *Compaſſe*? No :  
The lightest *Thing* therein, is nothing so:  
That's TRVTH; which stil is best; yet still vnmade:  
Which GOD cannot vndo, though *Fiends* inuade!  
Than TRVTH, so perfect, tels you by her *Foole*,  
(Her plainest *Tongues-man*) you are in a *Schoole*  
That teacheth many *Lessons*; good, and bad:  
The bad, delight; the good, but make too sad:  
Theri, sith now sad you are, the last you learn'd  
Was passing good, though it be ill discern'd.  
You take it ill (perhaps) by so great losse,  
To learne to beare a farre more heauy CROSSE  
(Which *Heau'n* long deferre) if long you liue,  
(For which I pray) then O be glad to grieue  
For what you do, when you do grieue to proue  
Your *Soules* best *Physick* in what least you loue.

## MVS ES TEARES.

„ It's ill to be too well; ease, is disease :  
And deadly too, in Parts that *Death* doth seize.  
Then when, in any Part of vs, we ioy  
More than we should, lest that might vs destroy  
*Heau'n* takes it quickly off (as i were by stealth)  
And, by that Want supplies our want of health !

The greatest *Crosse* that *Greatnesse* then can beare  
Is that of Pleasure, free'd of *Griefe*, and *Feare*.  
Yet to content *Desire*, and *feare* exclude,  
Is the whole *Summe* of *Heau'ns BEATITVDE!*  
But, here, not so ; where *pleasure*, as a *Crime*,  
Ends ill, if *feare* preuent it not in time.  
Yet *Nature* droopes, if *pleasure*, in a meane  
Sustaine it not to act *Lifes tedious Scene*.  
Thus with, nor without *pleasure*, long can we  
Liue as we should, so strongly weake we be !

Than gratious *Queene* when you reflext vpon  
This light of *TRUTH*, it will be daie anon  
With darkest *PASSION*, that but *Reason* blinds ;  
Then leauue your *Chanche* to *Fame*, and *Fortunes* winds  
While you your selfe repose (blow how they please)  
In *HONORS Heau'n* (or eruling *SOROVVES Seas* !)  
Wherin sits *VERTVE* throned, *Crown'd* with *Stars*,  
Aboue black *Daises*, made such by *Clouds* of *Cares*.  
There, *Royall Lady*, is their soueraigne *SEATE*,  
That will, in al *Affronts*, be *Good*, and *Great*:  
For, nought is *Great* on *Earth* but that *Great Minde*  
That's mou'd with nothing great produc'd by  
But, in an *Heau'nly calme* of *Mindes* repose, (KIND !)  
Lookes least dejected when it most doth lose.  
Than *Mindes* are *Motes*, vnlesse they thinke they bee  
Aboue all *state* and *Fate*, in their degree.

VER-

## MVSES TEARES.

VERTVE, as Soueraigne, roiall *Minds* still rules;  
But FORTVNE (as a *Slauē*) waites most on *Fooles*.  
This life is but a War-fare 'gainst OFFENCE;  
And either *fortune*, breeds the DIFFERENCE,  
Bee't *Black*, or *Bright*, its cleare, not cleare they are,  
From equall *Danger*, and from equall, *Care*!  
*Soft-fortune* is a *Bog*, or dauncing-*Death*,  
Where soone the carelesse do ingulph their breath!  
Then must the *foote* of sober-care go soft,  
Yet swiftly ouer, to keepe *Life* aloft.  
While high CONTENT, in what so-euer *Chance*,  
Makes the braue *Minde* the *Starres* out-countenance!  
CONTENT, doth feast our *Fates*, which stil is found  
In *Minds*, by *Grace*, (like *Heau'n*) made Great, & Round:  
What *wave* can surge aboue high'st *Prouidence*  
In *Deluge* of *Distresse*, or *Eminence*?  
What *Leaden-Hap* can fall from aduerse *Fate*,  
To sink the *Mind* that VERTVE doth Elate?  
If She then CENTER be of our *Defence*,  
Be roundest *Vengence* the CIRCVMFERENCE  
It skills not; sith it shall no more annoy  
Than *Hell* the *Man-goa* did, who there did ioy!  
Than, let *Fates Snuffles* and *Puffes*, as winds of *Grace*,  
Serene the *Heauen* of your *Maiestick Face* (despight,  
From frowning *Clouds*, condens'd by DEATHS  
To reaue faire VERIVES Firmament of light.  
So shall you mount from *West* of *Wo* to th' *East*  
Of GLORIES *Heau'n*; and (*Sunn-like*) light the rest!  
For, such strange *Members* NATVR Eneuer bred  
As lie at ease while *Thornes* do crowne their HEAD!  
Entombe your *Pasions* in HIS *Passion*, then,  
(To be belou'd of *Angells*, prais'd of *Men*!)

## MVSES TEARES.

And, with a roiall-smooth-erected front  
Beare vp the CROSSE; and, euer looke vpon't  
As on the only K E Y of *Heav'ns fore-gate*,  
That opes it maugree *Enuy, Death, and Fate*:  
For, *Fate* and *Death* our *Nature* doth salute  
Y'er we can breathe on *Blossoms* of LIFE S Fruite.  
Then, if wee flourish afterward, it is  
A grace we merit not, but vse amisse.  
We vse amisse; or (at the best) the Best  
So vse it still, as all the interest (strife;  
Comes from the poorenesse of their *Spirits*, with  
So, but in *Grace*, deserue the loue of Life!  
Yet, *Spirits* of richest temper, are but poore;  
But, in their indigence, abound with store  
Of Heau'nly *Treasures*, which the World doth scorn  
Yet they the brauest *Minde* do most adorne!  
A braue *Spirit* is a *Particle* of HIS  
That's Lord of F A T E, Triumuirate of B L I S S E!  
And, (as a Flame) she still, by *Nature*, sties  
Where her O R I G I N A L L repos'd lies.  
Than, sacred *Majesty*, disdaine to vaile  
Thy height to *Nature*, if shee fall to waile:  
Though weeping with thy *Sex* doth best agree;  
Yet *Tcares* so drowne the *Raies* of *Majesty*, (peepe,  
As, through those troubled streams, when they would  
They, sadly, looke like *Pris'ners* in the deepe.  
But, can a *Mother*, good, as great, forget,  
A S O N N E so deere, and not pay *Natures Debts*:  
In *Liquid Pearle*, disbursed by thole *Eyes*  
Where *Majesty* with *Loue* and *Vertue* lies?  
O! no, She cannot: but She still may minde  
Her Sonne, in D E E D E; yet, put the S H E W behinde,  
Wherc

## MVSES TEARES.

Where it may neuer shadow GLORIES sight,  
That, in the *Stremes* of *Sorrowe*, sinks her light.

Now (as a foole) foole-hardy I haue beene  
To encounter thus, the *Passions* of a QVEENE;  
Which commonly are *strong* as is the state  
Of those that all but them, predominate!  
What is my reach herein? Is it to show  
My *Hand*, or *Heart*, or what a foole may know?  
To pick her *Mouth* of thanks; her *Purse* of *coyne*:  
Or, praise (at least) from her (so charm'd) purloine.  
For *Note*, for *Coate*, for *Countenance*, for ought  
Like these; or none of these? or, else, for *nought*?  
For none of these it is: yet, is it not  
For *nought*; but, for Her good, I play the *Sot*.  
To make Her (*Sorrie*) *merry*, as I could,  
None other-wise than *Grace*, with *Nature*, would  
Eu'n for Her selfe: wise-folly telling me  
Eu'n for Her selfe, should V E R T V E serued be.  
Than, if that one of Gods Fooles, on his *Face*,  
(Most wise in that) may beg, and haue the *grace*  
Of good acceptance of this seruice; he  
Will foole it, thus, for nothing, till he be  
Nothing, that is not some-thing, still to serue  
A *Queene*, whome *Fates* did for our weale reserue.  
Whose priuat *Wombe*, hath beene the *Fountain-head*,  
Whence all the *Issues* of our *Hopes* are lead.  
By *Graces* guidance, and by *Natures* might,  
Still to refresh the *Red-rose*, and the *white*,  
For that, and for thou, sweetest *Eglantine*,  
About the *Flow'res* of all our *Crownes* dost twine  
To keepe them from quite falling, (as our owne)  
By aduersc Puffs, that else might blow them downe.

## MVSE'S TEARES.

We,(mixt, conioyn'd in peace and vniety)  
Enshrine thee in our soules Infinitie,  
Till all good soules shall meeete, where they shall Rise  
To Glory in secure FELICITIES.

Here, heauy Muse, stoope low thy high ascent;  
And say, in deepenesse of the low'ſt deſent:  
Good Queeneſ(as it began, your S T I L E defines)  
Blesſe, with your Beames of grace, theſe gracieſſe Lines.

FINIS.

